Glimpses of KOREA

Carl Wehrli, 1902.

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GLIMPSES OF KOREA

by

E. J. URQUHART

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CONTENTS

	Page
A Land with a Marvelous History	7
Our First Journey	19
The Gods of the Spring and Mountain	28
Market Day in Korea	38
The Trip to Quelpart and Back	48
A Look in at the Soonan Mission	59
Some Strange Customs	65
At the Union Conference Office	77
Tombs and Watchers	84
The Sad Funeral Trains	90
At the Church Service	97

TO my nieces and nephews, and to the children throughout the world, this book is lovingly dedicated by the author.

E. J. URQUHART.

Seoul, Korea.

"Korea tried to shut itself away from the world, like a hermit in his hut. . . . But the day of opening doors came, and Korea's long-barred gates were swung ajar. . . . Upon many troubled hearts in the Land of Morning Calm has dawned the day of salvation."— *W. A. Spicer.*

SOME OF THE GODS OF KOREA

A Land with a Marvelous History

Beginning Back in Early Bible Times — Kwicha, the Wise — Koreans Built the First Suspension Bridge and Battle Cruisers — Grafting Officials — Japan Comes In — Funny Hats, Long Coats, Big Pantaloons — A Beautiful Country Now

ARE you all here? Why, there are Teresa, Elnora, Freda, Kate, Jimmie, and Dwane. Yes, all are present. I am a little surprised, too, for I thought some of you would be seasick after our rough night. Many persons who have crossed the waters of the broad Pacific from the Golden Gate of San Francisco to Yokohama, Japan, without a twinge of seasickness, find this narrow strip of water, called the Korea Straits, over which you can cross in a single night, just a little too much to stand.

I am glad you were more fortunate, and are all here on deck ready to catch the first distant glimpse of Korea. Now look ahead over the bow of the boat. In the distance, you can discern a dark bank of clouds; that is a sign that we are nearing land.

Now while breakfast is preparing, and before we actually see Korea, I want to tell you a little of the history of the country.

One time, a woman who had spent some years in Korea said to me, "I am glad it takes a long time to learn the language." I

couldn't imagine what she meant—"glad it takes a long time to learn the language"! I thought maybe it was all an Eastern joke, for they are always hard to understand. Then she said: "You see, it is best that we know the people *before* we know the language, or else we would be making so many mistakes. Their way of thinking is as far from ours as the two countries are from each other."

Well, I could hardly appreciate such deep wisdom then, but I understand better now. I have found out that one of the best ways to learn about this nation, with all its strange customs, is to look back over the centuries and see all the bends in the road down which they have come.

BEGINNING AT ABOUT DAVID'S TIME

Away back in the days of Israel, when David, the shepherd boy, watched his father's sheep on the hills surrounding Bethlehem, the great Shan dynasty, or rulership, of China was overthrown by a man named Mu. At that time, there was a great statesman in China whose name was Kwicha. He was the one exception to a group of men who were cruel, corrupt, and wicked.

Back in those days, when one dynasty or king overthrew another, every man who held any office of responsibility was ruthlessly destroyed. But this man Kwicha was so highly

esteemed even by his enemies, that he was allowed to leave the country. So, gathering a few thousand loyal followers around him, he went eastward to the Yellow Sea. There he made his way in junks, or ships, to the then little known land of Korea.

Landing near the mouth of the Taidong River, he sailed up that stream to the present location of Pyengyang. Here he built his capital and established a kingdom. Korea at that time was inhabited by a savage, wild race of people who dwelt in caves and crude mud huts. They knew little of agriculture, spending most of their time fighting the other wild and fierce tribes to the north.

Kwicha became very much interested in the savage peoples about him, so he decided to do what he could to educate them and help them. He was a farsighted chief, who looked ahead to the day when there would be a great empire in that region.

The first thing that Kwicha did was to learn the language and customs of the native peoples. He commanded that his followers do likewise. He knew that he could not help those about him until he thoroughly understood them. He was truly a great man and a great philosopher to appreciate that this method was the wisest and best. Although a heathen, he was a farseeing ruler. Jesus Himself used this great principle of under-

standing those about Him as a way of helping them.

Kwicha in his new location began by training some of the natives in self-government and in agriculture and in silk-weaving and silkworm-growing. He was so successful that before he died, he had the pleasure of seeing people who had been warlike and savage, on the road to a peaceful, happy kingdom.

After Kwicha's death, little is known of Korea for several centuries. The next time that we hear of Korea is in the first century before Christ. Then there were three separate and independent kingdoms. These were Silla in the south, Pakchai in the center, and Kokuro, from which we get the word Korea, in the north. For many centuries, these three kingdoms fought among themselves. Sometimes it was two against one, and sometimes one was neutral while the other two fought.

Sometimes China sent her soldiers up to Korea for the "fun" of robbing and destroying. But it was not always as much "fun" as China wished, far back in those early centuries; for history says that many times, the tiger hunters and soldiers of Korea were more than equal to the Chinese, often making them beat a hasty and disordered retreat back to the country from which they came.

Finally, in the seventh century, the southern kingdom conquered the center one, and

seven years later, the northern kingdom fell before the victorious arms of the strong power of the south. This united kingdom became known as the Tai Han kingdom, or Chosen. Most folks have, until quite recently, insisted on calling it by the ancient name Korea.

LAND AHEAD

We must stop our story now, for there's the breakfast gong. Let us go and eat.

But look ahead once more. Do you see that dark gray streak in the distance there, lying right near the water line? That is just a faint outline of the low-lying mountains of Korea; and when we return from breakfast, we shall be able to distinguish easily the rock-bound coast.

On deck again, and, oh, see! The land is now quite clear. It seems as if it were all mountains, doesn't it? And this is the way Korea looks its whole length of seven hundred miles. But there *are* valleys among the mountains, thousands of them, small ones and big ones, extending along the rivers and the creeks. I think none of them are wider than ten miles; and even these are so crooked that you can see but a short distance up or down them, and thus even they appear small.

Now, listen a few minutes more and I will finish my little historical sketch of the country before we actually land.

After the three nations of the Korean peninsula became one, there was a long time when Korea was one of the great leading nations of the East. In war, she successfully repelled a mighty and determined Japanese invasion in the latter part of the sixteenth century; and some forty years later, the Manchus who successfully overthrew the Chinese empire, were glad to withdraw with a small tribute.

Then, too, Korea led the East and the world in inventions. The first metal type ever used was cast here. They built the first suspension bridge known to the world. During the war with Japan that I just spoke of, they constructed the first armored battle cruiser that ever sailed the seas; and it was this ship that gained the victory for Korea, for with it they destroyed in one day a whole Japanese fleet of more than two score vessels.

The Koreans were also expert in the manufacture of tile and crockery. Nor were they behind in the sciences as known a few centuries ago. At Kyung Ju, North Kyung San Province, is an observatory that is supposed to be the oldest in the world, having been constructed in 647 A. D. Their knowledge of science gave them a very good understanding of the movements of the stars and planets.

IT'S ALL DIFFERENT NOW

But don't think that you are going to see great things now when you land, for the

glory of Korea is all in the past. After Korea had learned so much and had advanced so far along the road of civilization, a time came when the officials all over the land became most corrupt. They began to rob and abuse the poorer and common people. If any refused to do as the officials wished, or did not give enough gold, or land, or horses, or their beautiful daughters or wives, then they were whipped until they were willing to give, or until they died. This whipping in Korea is called "being put under the paddle."

In Western countries, such practices of obtaining money and such extortion are called graft. Korea fell into the hands of grafters. Each official became a terror to the country over which he ruled. He held his office by passing along large sums of money to the governor of the province.

The office of the governor was sold to the highest bidder by the king, who was as bad as the rest. Each desired to make as much money out of the people as possible.

Korea Changes Rulers

It is no wonder that before many years had rolled along, the people became discouraged. They stopped working — for what was the use of working when only the cruel and mean officials obtained all the benefits? The rulers became worse and worse.

Korea was in just this terrible condition when the Western world discovered the Eastern world — when America and Europe, through their ships and their trading, came in contact with the ancient peoples of the East.

Many people felt that it was time to save the kingdom of Korea from its own officials and corrupt and cruel government. China had long claimed that she had the first right to rule the land, but China was herself in a bad way — trouble and revolution.

At about this time, the nation that is called "the great bear" — Russia — was feeling about in the Far East. Russia found Korea, and began to enter the country. Then Japan became aroused, because she did not wish Russia so close to her borders, and there was the Russo-Japanese War. The result of this war was that in 1910 Japan took possession of the country.

Japan immediately set about her self-appointed work of cleaning up the country. The robber bands were suppressed, schools were established, roads and railways, telegraph, telephones, and mails were started. Soon the country began to look better. The common people, instead of being robbed, were helped in various ways. There were model farms established, and experiment stations and agricultural colleges set in operation. The

farmers were able to grow more and more crops. The rolling hills of the country were again green with the thousands of trees that were planted by the government.

The country in ten years has grown from one that could hardly feed its own people to one that is selling food and supplies to far-

Transplanting rice, or "paddy." The people over here make rice their staple article of diet.

away nations. Where there was barrenness, now there is beauty. Dollars are now more common than cents were before. There has been a great change.

RICE FIELDS — CITY OF FUSAN

Isn't that really a beautiful little island over there right in the mouth of the harbor? See the young pine and fir trees that almost cover it. Notice the rice fields rising terrace

above terrace almost to the top of the hill. From this on, wherever you go through the land, you will see fields of rice, or "paddy," for the people over here make rice their staple article of diet, as we do wheat in America.

If you look ahead, you can see the city of Fusan. Notice how many ships there are in the harbor. This is the first port of the land in point of shipping. Now you can see the pier where we are to land. That large brick structure just beyond is the Station Hotel. You see where the city extends along the beach for miles. There are not many brick buildings and not many large houses, are there? However, this is a typical Japanese city.

You know Fusan is almost as much a Japanese city as is any city in Japan proper, because for centuries the Japanese have claimed Fusan as a foreign fishing station. In fact, at the time of the great Japanese invasion of which I told you, the privilege of holding this city permanently was allowed the Japanese.

Now we are nearing the pier. It looks very much like the wharf in San Francisco from which we sailed, doesn't it? Stand up here at the rail so that you can see things better. No, those men over there wearing the odd little hats are not circus clowns. Those little woven horsehair hats are a part of the natives' dress. You will meet them wherever you go. And those long white gowns are not automobile

dusters, but are the regular coats used over here. They look very queer to you now, I know, but you will get used to them as you see them more.

LOOK LIKE FUNNY CLOTHES

What do the people wear those strange hats for? Well, really, I don't know. They seem to give no protection from the cold, and are no guard against the sun and the rain; yet the Koreans will wear them in spite of everything. But I think the little hat is doomed to go. It can't stand out much longer against the clothes of the foreigners. Already, in the city of Seoul, you see more foreign hats than native.

Now when you ask them about the hat, they in turn ask you some questions that are hard to answer. They want to know why men's coats have buttons sewed on the sleeves, and they ask many more questions like that. So we'll have to keep still, I think, about the dinky little hat, and let them wear it if they think they look better that way. I've thought that the hat was first made to cover their topknots; for if you look closely through the meshes of the hat, you will see that each man has a little twist of hair sticking straight up on top of his head about three inches high and two inches around. Funny looking things to us!

Do you see the legs of their trousers? They are very large, about twice as large as you are used to seeing in America. The people make them this way because of their fashion of always sitting on the floor with their legs doubled up. This means that they have to have loose-fitting clothes.

Look at the bottom of the trouser legs. See how they are tied around with flashy-colored bands. I don't know why, unless these are a sort of necktie worn at the ankles.

Now that the steamer has been made fast and the gangplank hoisted, we will go ashore. Across there not a hundred feet away is the ferry railroad station, while there is another still larger station about a block farther up. We shall find the northbound express waiting here for us to board, although it doesn't leave for an hour or so. This train runs from here clear through to Mukden, Manchuria.

I know that after your ride through Japan in narrow-gauge little cars, you are surprised to see this American-looking train with its Baldwin locomotive. Korea has the best railroad and equipment of the whole East. Perhaps this is because it was installed by an American firm. I think so, anyway.

Our First Journey

Where Wagons Are Drawn by Bulls — The "Gike" — All Kinds of Fruit — Children Without Clothes Traveling — Houses with Fire but No Chimneys — Paper Instead of Glass — The First Mission Station — Living Alone in a Strange Land

SINCE we have our baggage all safely on the train, and there is about an hour left to us before it starts, suppose we walk up the street and get acquainted with things Korean.

It looks queer, doesn't it, to see so many wagons drawn by bulls? In Korea, the bull is the beast of all work. He is used for packing and for hauling. In some other parts, however, there are a good many horses; but they are small, more like our Shetland ponies at home. Unlike the Shetland ponies, though, they are vicious and undependable creatures.

You are wondering what strange thing that man has on his back. We call that a "gike" in Korea.

You are all smiling again! I can't blame you. I suppose you

are wondering what strange thing that man has on his back. We call that a *gike* in Korea. It is used by the laborers for carrying things. Here comes a man with a load of wood larger

In Korea, the bull is the beast of all work.

than the man himself. All the railroads, the reservoirs, and the ditches have had the dirt and gravel carried on these *gikes*. A man puts a basket on one of them, fills it, gets underneath, and off he goes on the trot.

These fellows with their *gikes* get only about twenty-five cents a day. That makes the work cheaper than it could be done with the best modern machinery.

FRUIT OF EVERY KIND

Look at the fruit! Just about every kind that is to be had in America is here, and much

more besides. And the persimmons! I think they are the best in the world — great fine ones, as large as apples. The persimmon is a native of this country, and grows big and juicy and good without any attention whatsoever. They are cheaper than oranges right in the orange groves of Florida and California.

Let us buy some of the fruit, and then we'll go back to the train. In about two hours and a half, we shall reach Keizan, where our southern mission station is located. You won't want to miss a thing that you can see on the way, either.

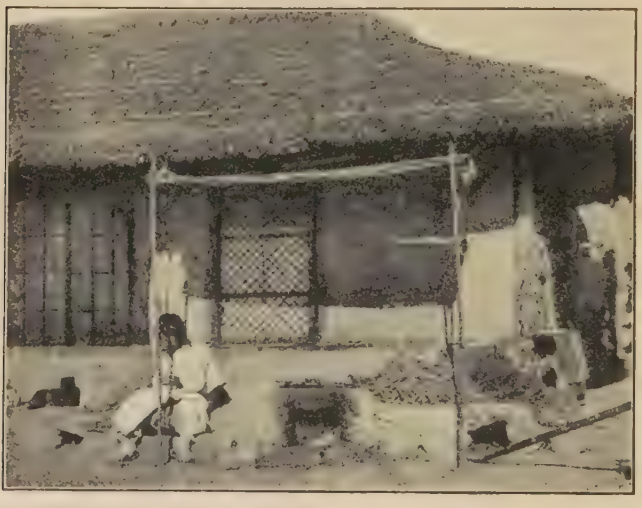
This train seems just like those at home. The only difference is that the seats are wide on one side of the car and narrow on the other. We'll take these wide ones, so we can all be in a little group together. Then I can tell you about the things we see as we go along.

There are some Korean children on one side of the car, and without any clothes. Thousands of them are compelled to go that way in the summer time; and even in the cold, freezing weather of winter, in the country districts, I have seen them with nothing but a little jacket that didn't come below the waist — not merely one or two, but hundreds of them.

Houses without windows or chimneys

We are passing beyond the Japanese part of the town and entering the Korean now.

See those little mud huts out there with the thatched roofs. You wouldn't guess that people lived in such places, would you? But if you notice closely, you will see people stooping down and passing through the little doorways. Over the mud and stone walls



The floor of the Korean house is heated by the smoke from the kitchen fireplace.

that surround each house, you can see the women at work and the children at play. When we stop off at Keizan, we will visit some of these houses, so that you will know more about them.

You see the smoke arising from somewhere near the bottom of a house, and still there is

no chimney. Let me try to explain. The Korean house has only two or three rooms, seldom more, and one of these is three-sided, with at least one side open, and serves as a kitchen. The living rooms are generally about eight by twelve feet, while the kitchen is smaller. The floor of the living part of the house is raised about two feet. It is made of flat stones overlaid with mud. These cover smoke holes through which the smoke from the kitchen fire is supposed to pass.

The floor of the kitchen is the ground, and the fire box is on the side next to the living room. This fire box has a large kettle on top, packed around with mud and rocks. Thus, when the meals are cooked, the heat is supposed to pass through the openings and heat the floor of the living room. This sort of hot-air furnace is the only kind that they know; but it doesn't work very well, for much of the smoke backs up and gets into the eyes and face of the one who is cooking. This smoke gets out through the open side of the kitchen.

In the kettle over the fire, the food for the family is prepared. It consists of boiled rice for those who can afford it, and cooked barley for the less favored, three times a day. To the rice are generally added native pickled turnips, and side dishes of a few greens or fish or some kind of meat, if they can be afforded.

You notice that the houses have no windows; but the doors, which are merely a light framework, are covered with a very tough kind of Korean paper. This is put on every fall, and it lasts the winter out; and in the spring, it is removed, and left off till cold weather demands its use again. This lets in enough light; and as to air, the Koreans seem not to have learned as yet that it is necessary. At night, when they are burning a lamp or a candle, if the air becomes so impure that the light will not burn, they open the door for a moment, not for their own benefit, but merely to save the light.

THROUGH TUNNELS TO KEIZAN

Maybe you have been wondering all the time how our train was going to get out of the little mountain-inclosed town of Fusan. I suppose you thought that we should have to pass through a tunnel; but now we are passing up a small cañon. Out there you see the paddy fields with the rice all headed out, waving beautifully under the late summer sun. The paddy fields rise one above another up the sides of the hills. Korea has an area about one half that of the state of California; and about three fourths of that small area consists of mountains. But even though the natives are not so skilled in growing their crops, yet, because of the abundance

of rain and warm sunshine, Korea supports a population fully five times that of fertile California — over sixteen millions of people. Surely God is kind to Korea.

Before we reach Keizan, let me tell you something about the mission station and our work in the south part of Korea. This is the story of how the gospel conquered in this part:

Some time ago, a Korean gentleman, while traveling in Japan, passed down the road by our Kobe sanitarium. He noticed on the building the Chinese characters which indicated our church. For some reason, the Korean was very much interested, and he went into the sanitarium to ask questions.

He and one of our Japanese ministers were able to hold a written conversation; and in this way, the traveler heard about the seventh-day Sabbath and other truth. When he returned to his home in Korea, he told other people of what he had learned; and those whom he told became very much interested. Before long, there were hundreds who knew of the glad news of the gospel.

A little later, some of our ministers from Japan, with some Japanese believers, visited Korea, and talked to the new believers who had learned of the truth through the Korean traveler. It didn't take our missionaries long to appreciate that it was time to open a mission in Korea.

In the fall of 1906, Missionary W. R. Smith and Mrs. Smith opened the first mission in Korea. They spent their first winter in the city of Seoul, and then moved up to Soonan, where the headquarters for the West Chosen Conference are at the present time, and where our hospital is located. These first missionaries are still working for the Koreans.

THE WORK GROWS

As the people became more and more interested, it was necessary to open other mission stations. So in Seoul, the capital, there is now a mission station; and the publishing work is located there.

But with these lights burning brightly for the gospel, there was need of another station down in the southern part of the country, where most of the people are located. Another light was soon to be put there. Missionary R. C. Wangerin and his wife went to the southern section of the country. In the summer of 1912, they lived in a tent while the little four-roomed mission cottage was being built. Many companies of Koreans were soon ready to believe and accept whole-heartedly the gospel. But while working for these heathen people, Mr. Wangerin became very sick, and later he died — the first missionary who laid down his life for the gospel in Chosen.

Here is another tunnel, the last one for to-day, before we reach Keizan. There only Miss May Scott is located, holding the mission fort all alone until other missionaries come to help her. How would you like to be all alone in a strange land, among strange people, with the next Adventist mission station over two hundred miles away? That is the way it is with Miss Scott right now, but she is willing to brave it all for the sake of the gospel message.

There are going to be many things to see while we stop over here with her and the Korean believers. Let's get our traveling bags together now; for the train only stops about half a minute, and we'll have to get off in a hurry.

The Gods of the Spring and Mountain

"Pyngan Hasumnaka?"—Food and Clothing from U. S. A.—Strange Church Customs—A Colored Bush—Feeding the Spirits—The Country-Wide Cemetery—Visiting the Cave—Sleeping on the Floor

"PYNGAN hasumnaka?" say the native believers at the Keizan Mission Station, while Miss Scott shakes our hands, and we are glad to hear the language that we can really understand. But the native greeting means, "Are you peaceful?" which is their way of saying, "How do you do?"

Yes, we'll walk up to the house, for we can then get better acquainted with the town and the people. We came to Korea to get acquainted, didn't we?

What joy to be in a home that seems so much like home back in America! How our mouths water when we see the food from America, the good kind of food that we have been used to eating at home! Then we realize that even the food that the foreign mission folks have comes from across the water, along the same tiresome, long route that we took to get here.

Butter, cooking oils, canned milk, dried fruit, sirups, breakfast foods of all kinds, and many other things, reach our mission-

aries here in this way. But for such things as flour, beans, eggs, and vegetables, we must depend on the native folks. And they have a plenty of these things. The things that come from America are, of course, quite expensive, because of the freight and the very high customs duty. But really we get along better for food than for clothes. Especially do the women missionaries find it hard to get such clothes here as they want.

You see, a good many of the Japanese men and some Koreans nowadays wear foreign shoes and foreign suits, so there are cobblers and tailors. But few care much about what the women wear. They do not have any idea how to make women's shoes or women's suits and dresses. Our women missionaries must become dressmakers in order to provide themselves with the proper clothes. Their shoes have to come by mail from America. It's no joy, either, but very perplexing, after a wait of over two months, to find the much needed shoes to be of the wrong size. That means another wait and another order.

Let's go over to the church near by; you have finished your luncheon now.

THE STRANGE CHURCHES OF KOREA

In this church, I preached my first sermon to the Korean people. It was through an interpreter. I was feeling a little homesick

when we landed at Fusan; but when I met here with the little company of believers that first Wednesday night, I felt much better, for I realized that Jesus was fulfilling His promise that He had given, where He said: "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time." I saw in that little company, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and sons and daughters; and above and beyond all that, I knew that Jesus was there, too, for the very faces of the people showed it.

The church, you see, is built the shape of the letter L, and the pulpit is in the corner, with two separate rooms, as it were, leading away from it, for the congregation. You never heard of anything like that in America, did you?

One side is for the women, and the other side is for the men. All our churches in Korea are arranged like this, or else there is a curtain hung between. Women and men, and boys and girls, don't mingle together here as they do in other lands; so this is their own arrangement. It seems very strange to us at first; but it is one of the customs of the land, and must be respected.

You notice that there are no seats in the church; but the people don't use seats — that

is, such seats as we are accustomed to. There are straw mats on the floor; and on these the people sit while attending services, their legs doubled up under them.

They sit the same way at home, too. We couldn't get used to it at all. Even an hour sitting in this way nearly cramps all the feeling out of our legs, except the soreness.

Sitting on the floor never troubles the Koreans a bit; for they practice it from babyhood. Old men and women with gray hair spend hours at a time sitting this way in comfort and contentment. There are no chairs in the native houses any more than at church. There are no bedsteads, either. The people not only sit on the floor, but they sleep on it as well, and all without a mattress!

About the only furniture in a Korean home is a chest or two where they keep their clothes and bedding. Their beds are spread on the floor at night, and folded up and put away in the daytime.

So they come to church and sit on the floor while the service lasts, with their songbooks and Bibles opened up before them, lying on the floor, too. They all take part in the singing; for they like to sing, even if they do miss the tune quite as often as they hit it. Anyway, the words mean more to them than the music, I suppose.

When we have prayer and testimony meeting, all take part. It is very seldom indeed that one passes an opportunity by of witnessing for Jesus. They are not blessed with many reference books, as Americans are; but they have their Bibles, and they know them, too, and you can't fool them about its teachings. Sometimes I think they are quicker than the ordinary American to detect error.

There's a fine cool spring up there on the hillside, about a mile and a half away. It never goes dry. During the seasons of heavy rains, the people living here at the station get their drinking water at the spring, for the wells often become muddy and impure from the surface water running in.

There is something up there at the spring that I want to show you, so let's walk up. If you look up on the side of the mountain nearly to the top, just where I am pointing, you will see what looks like a hole in the cliff, but it is really a large cave. Even though the path is steep and rocky, we'll walk up, for there are things you'll want to see all the way along. There is something especially interesting at the cave.

THE DECORATED BUSH

Almost to the spring! You see that peculiar bush up there about a hundred yards farther that seems to be covered with flowers of all colors? The spring is under that bush.

Well, we find that what seemed to be colored flowers at a little distance are, in fact, nothing but small pieces of different colored cloth tied to the branches of the bush. You wouldn't guess their meaning in a hundred years. Now look into the water here, where it comes out from the rock in the bottom of this little pool, and you'll see there much cooked rice. You remember the dream of Pharaoh of the time of Joseph, away back in Bible times? Just as the kine and the corn meant one and the same thing, so this bush with the rags on it and the rice in the spring mean one and the same thing.

This is the secret of it all: The people believe this to be a spirit spring. They believe that it is the dwelling place of some spirit; and so, to appease this spirit and coax it to bless them, they bring rice here for it to eat. Those pieces of cloth on the bush represent the prayers to the spirit for blessing. Each piece of colored cloth represents a prayer.

They don't think how foolish it is to try to feed a spirit, and how strange it is to tie pieces of cloth to a bush to please a spirit and to coax it to bless them. The spirits, to them, are powers that they are afraid of; so they try to please them and win their favor. How would you like to believe in a religion like that? There are spirit springs, and spirit trees, and spirit mountains, all over Korea;

and the people reverence them, not knowing how foolish it all is, for they have never heard of the true God, or, if they have heard, they do not believe. They don't know anything about the loving Jesus who came into the world and died for them.

This, children, is the reason for foreign missions. And the more you see of Korea, the more you will be made to realize how very, very much they are needed. There are not merely a few thousand people believing in spirits and held by superstition and fear, but millions are bowing down to idols, or demons, or some sort of false gods.

ON TO THE CAVE

But let's go on up to the cave. We will have to skirt along the base of the mountain for a way, till we come to the little rocky cañon that leads up the mountain side.

Notice how thick the wild flowers are up here. They are of all kinds and all colors. One Sabbath afternoon in the fall of the year, while we were out walking, some of us gathered forty different kinds of flowers on these hills. Many of them were the same sweet flowers that we see in America. The warm rains keep the hillsides of Korea very beautiful indeed.

Under the flowers, and all over the hillsides, are mounds of earth, some small, some large.

There are hundreds of them. Wherever you look, you can see them. What are they? They are graves. Korea is one great burial ground. You never get outside of the cemetery here. They are within a hundred feet of most of our houses; they are on the low hills, and on the highest mountains; and thousands more are being added every year.

The cave is about a hundred yards farther on; but before we go up to it, let's take a good look at the valley from here. Look at the little villages clustered along its sides. You can count over thirty of them from here, each with its hundred or so mud-walled, thatch-roofed houses. The people like to live together in Korea. This is because, back in the days when the country was filled with robber bands and beasts of prey, the people had to band together for mutual protection. And now the habit still clings. It isn't a bad scheme for this country, where the population is so dense; because, all the villages being built along the sides of the hills, on land that can not be cultivated, none of the much needed good soil is used to put buildings on.

TO THE MOUNTAIN GOD

Here's the cave. It is quite large inside, you see, and may have been used for a house by several families back in the days when

wild tribes roamed about. Here in the center is a little altar with ashes in front of it. On the altar, there is an inscription in Chinese characters, saying that it is dedicated to the god of the mountain.

How would you like to have a church located up here and have to make the climb to get to meeting? I am afraid you would soon grow weary of going to church. But many old men and women who are tottering into the grave, make this long trip up here just to burn incense to the mountain spirit. People are doing just such things all over Korea to-day. When such people become converted to the true God, they don't mind a little hardship.

I brought you up this long path especially to see this little altar, that you may better understand the condition and the need of the people of this faraway land.

It is getting late, so we must hasten back to the mission home. After supper, we can expect some of the native people to come in to see us. There is no meeting to-night, but they will want to visit with you. They are great folks to visit.

You may find it a little hard to visit through an interpreter; but that is the way I had to talk at first, and that is the way that the visiting ministers from America and Australia

and other places have to talk. The interpreter is the link.

After your visit, you will want a good night's rest; for to-morrow is market day, and you are to see how commerce is carried on in the East. Then to-morrow night we go on the train again.

Market Day in Korea

On the Fifth Day — "Kimche" — Selling Rocks — Wooden Combs — Taking Our Shoes Off — Chopsticks — Lepers — Taking the Train

GOOD morning, Teresa, Elnora, Freda, Kate, Jimmie, and Dwane! You need not tell me you have had a good night, for it shines out through your very faces. How good it feels to get in a real bed, after sleeping, or trying to sleep, for a whole month on steamers and railway trains!

Just come out here on the porch and look out across the valley there. Do you see those white-robed figures, some leading bullocks, some with packs on their backs, all coming into the village from every bypath in the country? Well, this is market day, and these people are all going to the market. Under the old Korean government, stores and shops were almost unknown; so every fifth day, the people held a market in the largest village of a neighborhood, and that brought some score of villages together for trade and barter.

Nowadays the Japanese are opening up small stores and shops all over the land, and even many of the Koreans are doing the same; yet many hold their fifth-day markets even as they used to do. The man who has anything to sell takes it to the market, while

the people who must buy make this their day for shopping. Then, too, the country people make this a day of fun and good time. There are others, though, who spend the day drinking and doing many sinful things.

The market days are big days to the Koreans one and all. When Jesus referred to

The market days are big days to the Koreans one and all.

the markets and the market places, I suppose He had some such picture as this in mind; for in that time, they had similar ones in Judea.

After breakfast is over, we will walk over to the market place, and you will have the opportunity of seeing thousands of Koreans, and of getting better acquainted with their habits of life. We like to go on market days, because not only can we buy things, but it is

also an excellent time to give away tracts that some will read.

All ready now to start? We have our tracts, and, Teresa, I see you have your camera, while I have a basket. We must always take a basket to carry things home in, for the market men don't furnish even a paper bag. We must follow the path by which we came, down to the railroad station, cross the track, and go through the Japanese section of the town. Then after crossing the bridge, we have about a quarter of a mile to go to reach the market. You can tell where the market is, by the white-dressed people surging about.

STRANGE FOODS AT THE MARKET

Here we are at the first stall of the market, but I suppose you are all looking for the stall. You see that it is a mat thrown down in the dust by the roadside, with the material to be sold stacked upon it, while the man in charge is sitting cross-legged by the side of the mat.

This is where turnips are sold; or are they radishes? I have never found anyone who could tell which. At least, they are the vegetables of which the Koreans make their pickles. Sometimes Chinese cabbage is added. The Koreans call these pickles *kimche,* and they make them by simply washing the vegetables and putting them in strong salt water to which is added an abundance of red peppers.

This *kimche* is eaten at every meal, along with their rice. No Korean eats without his *kimche.*

This is the fish market. The fish are spread out like the turnips, on the mats. There are little fish and big fish, dried fish and fresh fish; and from the way you are holding your noses, you would add, "rotten fish." Aside from the fish that you don't like, there are the flies and the dirt, until you wonder how the people live, and wonder they don't all die. And it *is* a case for wonder, too. A little of this fish market goes a long way, so we will move on.

SELLING FLINT STONES AND WOODEN COMBS

This part is a little more enticing, for it is the fruit market. They have fine red apples, you see, and nice juicy Japanese pears. Before we leave, we must come back here and buy some to take on our trip. Here is a man that has matches to sell; and you will observe that he has a whole pile of broken rocks for sale, too. Do you know what they are for?

That is flint, and is what our great-grandfathers used to kindle fires with; and thousands of people in Korea to-day start their fires by striking sparks from flint. Almost every house keeps a flint rock on hand, so that if their supply of matches gives out or gets wet, they will still be able to start a fire.

Here is a man selling Korean combs. They are made of wood, yet some of them are quite well made, with fine teeth, and are of good appearance.

There's a man selling hats, and now you can get a closer and better view of the little dinky things that have caused you so much amusement. The hats are woven nearly as loosely as our window screens at home, but there is a little band of bamboo around the edge of the brim to hold it in shape. Some of these hats cost several dollars.

Over there is a cloth merchant. While he has foreign cloth a plenty, much of his cloth is homespun — meaning that it is made from the cotton grown here by the country people and woven on little hand looms.

As we continue up the street, let us each take tracts and give them out to everybody who will receive them. Many will refuse, because there are millions of people in Korea who can not read even a word.

We have made our way the full length of the market. You have seen its wares and the crowds, the filth and the flies, and have smelled things that you didn't know existed; so doubtless you have had enough market for one day. Besides, it is getting late, and by the time we press back through the crowd and purchase our fruit, it will be high time to go for dinner. Our train leaves at one o'clock, you know.

I promised you that we would visit some Korean houses to-day before starting northward; but we took more time at the market than I expected, so we shall only have the chance to make a short visit at one house. One of our mission workers lives near the path that we take in going back, and we will stop at his home a few minutes.

AT CHAY'S HOUSE

This is Chay's house. He is one of our native ministers, and the head of the Sabbath-school work in Southern Korea. He is more fortunate than many of the poor Koreans, for he has three rooms. Before we step inside the house, we must take off our shoes; for it would be very bad form indeed, from a Korean viewpoint, to go in with them on. And besides, the rock-earth floor is covered with a heavy oiled paper, and our shoes would break it badly.

Now we shall have to sit down on the floor and draw our legs up under us the best we can. We shall not be very comfortable; but we can stand it for a few minutes, which will be as long as we can stay.

As you look around the room, you see that they do not have very much furniture. There are the chests that have their clothes in them, and you will notice that their bedding is folded up and laid on top of the chests. Those square blocks are the pillows. Not very invit-

ing, are they? Nor is the bed; for it is this hard floor, with a single quilt spread over it.

The table over there with legs about a foot long is Chay's writing desk, and you will observe that he has a few books on top. No chance to use a chair while writing there, is there?

LITTLE TABLES AND CHOPSTICKS

The mud walls and ceilings of the room are papered over with old newspapers, which give it a clean appearance. Most of the houses are destitute of anything on the walls save the clay with which they are plastered. Look out and don't lean back against the wall, or you will get your clothes all soiled. This is very much like a playhouse, isn't it?

Now let us go outside and see the kitchen. There is seldom a door leading from the living room to the kitchen, so we shall have to go outside in order to get into the other room.

There is the fire box with the large kettle over it that I told you of yesterday. The rice for dinner is already on cooking. Over there are two small tables, with legs about the same length as those that the writing table has. When dinner is ready, it is placed on one of these little tables and carried into the living room, where the diners sit down before it on the floor and eat with chopsticks, the same as do the Chinese.

There is not much here in the kitchen in the way of furniture — just a few earthen crocks and a few bowls of brass and chinaware. When the missionaries out in the field visit the churches, they have to live in houses like this for weeks at a time. Generally speaking, the houses are not nearly as clean as this one is. When we have more time, I will tell you of a long trip that I took one time with Mr. Smith when we visited the island of Quelpart, down in the Yellow Sea, about a hundred miles to the south of Korea.

Now we must hasten back to the mission and take dinner, so that we shall be ready to catch that northbound express.

Missionary Chay and his wife and mother are saying, *"Pyngane ka sipseo."* That sounds a little like what they said when they welcomed us at the station, doesn't it? It really means, "Go peacefully on your journey." Many of the expressions that the Koreans use remind folks very much of old Bible times, when Jesus was here upon earth. I can fancy that He and His disciples would have used about the same sweet expression in bidding a companion good-by.

THE LEPERS VISIT THE HOUSE

Do you hear those mournful cries out in front of the house? There are some lepers before the door; and even though we are eat-

ing dinner, I know you will want to go out and take just one look at them.

Perhaps we had better give them a little money to brighten them up. Aside from a leper station that the foreign missionaries are maintaining, which is entirely too small to take in all the lepers in Korea, there is no provision made for them. There are hundreds of these poor diseased people who can do nothing but beg from door to door and sleep in caves. So they are dirty and ragged and repulsive.

I suppose the lepers of Christ's day were similar to these poor fellows. It is no wonder that the compassionate heart of the Saviour was drawn out to them in sympathy as He ministered to them the healing balm of heaven.

Probably your dinner doesn't taste as good to you since you looked at those poor lepers; but perhaps this sight has helped you to grasp better the condition of the country, and will make you more sympathetic for the suffering, and a little more thankful to God that you are spared such things. The East is a land of disease, poverty, wretchedness, suffering, and death.

The first year that we were in Korea was what is know as a cholera year. Within twenty miles of this very house, people were dying by the hundreds. The government tried to help the poor people, but they were mostly

too ignorant to be helped. The officials tried to quarantine the diseased districts by throwing ropes across the streets and placing soldiers on guard, but the people would escape and spread the germs of death all about. The disease spread over large sections of the country, and continued until stopped by the cold of winter.

Here we are at the railroad station, ready to start. The native believers are here to bid us Godspeed. They are so filled with praise and thanksgiving at their acquaintance with Jesus that it just naturally overflows. What a contrast there is between these dear souls and the heathen here who swarm around them! They are neater and cleaner, and have on their faces an expression of joy not seen on the faces of the others.

Here comes the train. Let us shake hands with all and bid them good-by, and thank Miss Scott for our pleasant stay at the Keizan Mission Station.

The Trip to Quelpart and Back

Sleeping on the Floor — Across the Yellow Sea — At Quelpart — Fighting Fleas — Polliwogs in the Drinking Water — Climbing the Mountain — The Big Hole

HERE we are on the train speeding northward. We shall arrive at Seoul at ten-forty to-night. During this long ride, you will find the country just about what you saw on your ride from Fusan to Keizan, so I am going to tell you about a trip I took not long after I came to Korea.

It was during our second summer in Korea, while we were still at Keizan studying the language, and while Missionary W. R. Smith was superintending the work in the south, that he had to make a long trip through that part to do some baptizing and to look after the work. It was necessary to go as far as the island of Quelpart.

So on a Friday in June, when the barley was being harvested and the rice transplanted, we left Keizan on this same train that we are on now, going as far north as Taiden, where there is a branch line running almost due south to the port of Mokpo, a little over a hundred miles distant, on the Yellow Sea. After about an hour's ride on this branch line, we got off at a station by the name of Tokee.

We have a church about five miles from there, out in the country, where we were planning to spend the Sabbath. The elder of the church was at the station, waiting to act as our guide out to the church. We secured two men to carry our beds, then we started out ahead, and reached the church after dark.

Brother Smith preached to the little company that night; and afterwards the men who were carrying our freight came in empty handed, telling us that it was too hard to travel with the loads after dark, so they had left them. This wasn't very pleasing for us; but we managed to get a quilt from the church elder, and tried to sleep on the floor of the church.

ON THE LITTLE STEAMER

The following morning, there was a nice little company gathered in for Sabbath-school and church services. One man who was past seventy had walked over twenty miles to be at the meetings. We had several services there that day; and early the next morning, we went back to the station, where we caught an early train for the south. That afternoon at about two o'clock, we reached Shoteriri, where we had a native minister located, and a little company of believers. Here we stayed till the following evening, and had many interesting experiences; then on toward the island of Quelpart

When we finally arrived at Mokpo, we learned that a little three-hundred-ton Japanese steamer was planning on weighing anchor about noon the following day to go to Quelpart. It was then about eleven at night, so we went to a Japanese hotel and stayed the rest of the night. At about one o'clock the following day, our little steamer got under way. We found that there was only one first-class cabin. This had four berths; we had two, and there were two Japanese occupying the other two. The great Yellow Sea was quite rough, and the little steamer pitched around in great style.

REACH THE ISLAND

Some time that night, we reached an island port, where the steamer tied up until morning. But early the next day, we were on our way again for the south. I think that it was at about eleven o'clock that forenoon that we had our first glimpse of the island of Quelpart; and I shall never forget the thrill of delight that swept over me when, as I stood on the prow of that little steamer, this mysterious island arose like a phantom from the shifting mists of the Yellow Sea. It seemed like a little world of its own — an empire hidden away in unending reaches of water, where peace and plenty cast their joys without the price of greed and war and human life.

Quelpart is an island of volcanic origin, and the central figure of the island to-day is a mighty extinct volcano rising six thousand five hundred feet above the sea. The top of this lone sentinel is usually lost in the clouds.

Not only was this volcano responsible for the existence of the island, but the high mountain breaks the clouds that ever roll up from the south, causing them to empty their water on the island, and hence there is plenty of rain. This provides for the needs of vegetation, while the timber of its slopes gives firewood and building material to the people.

About noon, we anchored off Iltori, the ancient capital of the island; and the sampans, or little boats, came out and carried us in to shore. There we found two friends waiting to welcome us to their island field. We went directly up to the house that was being used for meeting, and found one of our friends living in the same compound.

We took dinner there, and afterwards walked out along the old city wall, only a portion of which is still standing. We were only opening up work in this place, and as yet had claimed no converts. However, there were several interested men, the owners of small shops, who came around that afternoon to see us.

That night was one of the worst I ever spent; and of course you will want to know

how it happened. You see, we were not very fond of fleas or mosquitoes, and we guessed that there would be plenty here to contend with. So we planned on going to a Japanese hotel; for they are generally free from fleas, and furnish mosquito nets for the beds. But the folks assured us that we would not be troubled by any of these pests; so we attempted to sleep on the floor of the church. Well, we lay there on the floor and fought fleas and mosquitoes all night long. We were glad to get up some time before daylight and prepare for our trip. We had planned to go to a village some twenty miles down the coast that day, where there were a few interested people; and as we could not afford to take more than one carrier along with us, we had to decide just what we could take along in the way of food and bedding and clothes, and what had to be left behind. When we got our food and clothes packed, we had room for nothing in the bedding line but one sheet.

ALONG THE STRANGE WALL

We started on our walk a little after daylight, taking the carrier and the two workers with us. We were surprised, when we got outside the city, to find that we were in a lane inclosed by a cobblestone wall on either side. We continued in this lane all the way. We found later that one can walk all over the

island without getting outside of these cobblestone walls.

There is a cobblestone wall around practically every farm plot on the island; and most of the plots are quite small, the largest ones not containing more than two or three acres of land. The walls were built, apparently, merely to get rid of the bowlders that had been on the ground; and there are places where even the walls do not use them all, and the people have to build big piles besides.

We stopped at a wayside inn, and our two workers called in the few interested ones, and we talked with them on the Bible that afternoon. That evening, Brother Smith spoke to a little band of people who gathered in a room that was being used as a schoolroom by the villagers. We slept on the floor that night, with nothing but our sheet between us and the stones; but as there were no mosquitoes and only a few fleas, we slept very well.

The next day, we walked about thirty miles across the island to a town called Sarcade, where we have a church building and a little company of believers. But on the walk, we found no water; and as we did not have any with us, we were very, very thirsty, for the day was quite warm. We finally came to a rain-water pond that was full of polliwogs, wigglers, and other strange things; but we

were so very thirsty that we didn't let that bother us, and we took a big drink.

It was about three o'clock on a Friday afternoon that we arrived at our church village, very tired, and more thirsty still; and to our great disappointment, the only water of the village was a rain-pond, on the edges of which the women of the village were doing their washing, while the cows of the place were wading around in it. Matters began to look as if we should have to take another drink of such strange drinking water. We asked questions, though, and were told that there was a spring about three miles farther on; so, tired as we were, we decided to press on for the water.

We found the spring there; and we were just in time, too, because the spring was down on the beach, and the tide was coming in. It had already reached the spring, and a few minutes later would have buried it in the ocean until the tide had gone out. I don't need to say that we drank and drank, and filled a gallon jug with water to take back to the church for the Sabbath. It was here at this port, while waiting for a steamer several days, that Brother Wangerin caught the cold that later resulted in his death.

THE NEXT DAY IT RAINED

We were so tired when we got back to the church that we went right to bed. The na-

tive workers conducted the services that night, with the people who came in for their weekly missionary meeting. We slept on the floor, but were too tired to notice how hard it was; or perhaps we were getting used to hard beds, for we put in a quite peaceful night.

The Sabbath was a beautiful day, and after the Sabbath-school and the morning church service, we all went down to the beach, which was about a mile away, where three new believers were baptized.

That afternoon, the church people, for the first time in their experience, had the privilege of taking part in the ordinances of the Lord's house. In the evening, Brother Smith performed the ceremony that married two of the young people of the church. The young man has since distinguished himself at canvassing, and is at present attending the Ministerial Department of our Soonan Training School.

The next morning, we found it raining, and we had a thirty-mile walk before us in crossing back over the island to Iltori. By this time, too, what was left of the food that we had brought with us had spoiled. With gloomy looks we ate our boiled potatoes, which were all we had to eat that morning.

After breakfast, we started out in the drizzling rain, which became a steady downpour as we climbed up the trail leading over the

mountain side. We walked for many miles in a six-foot lane that had a stone wall on either side; then we came to an old roadbed twelve feet wide. In ages past, a great deal of effort had been put forth to make this road suitable for wagons. Great cuts and long even grades had been established. But we found some deep washouts across it, which showed that it had many, many years before fallen into disuse. Tradition says that when the Mongols planned the invasion of Japan in the thirteenth century, they used Quelpart as a base for the construction of ships, and built this road to transport the timber from the mountain to the beach.

GOING OVER THE TOP

As we went higher and higher up the side of the mountain, we at last passed the bounds beyond which no one lived. For a time, the stone wall was only on one side of the path, while the upper side was a wilderness of underbrush which would be difficult for even a rabbit to go into; and finally the stone wall gave way altogether. These higher places were almost free from the bowlders and stones. Besides the underbrush, we saw large areas of beautiful meadow land, where horses and cattle roamed at will.

At the top of the divide, the rain ceased, and the sun shone in glory. No rain had fallen

on the north side of the island. We were at that time some two thousand feet above the sea, and we could see for miles and miles around. There were spread before us the various-colored fields of many shapes and sizes down among the lower levels. Some parts were yet green with the first crop, some were golden with ripening grain, while others had been harvested, and replowed for the second planting. Beyond this were the unending reaches of the Yellow Sea; and above us, now and then, the summit of the mountain looked out from among the clouds.

We arrived at Iltori about three-thirty that afternoon, very hungry. We soon found a Japanese hotel and had dinner. Remembering the very unpleasant night we had spent in this city before, we did not venture to have even a Japanese padded mat, which isn't very soft, you know.

THE STRANGE HOLE

The next morning, we walked out through the old South Gate, over lava slabs that had been polished smooth by the pattering and shuffling of generations of sandaled feet. There were stone images sitting or standing all along the way. They were as solemn looking on their pedestals as when they had been placed there in the far-away ages of the past. These were the gods of the island. The storms

and the cold and the sun had pitted them and scarred them, but the people treated them with great respect and veneration.

When almost a mile beyond the city, we came to a circular stone wall that inclosed some five acres of ground. Within this wall was a smaller square one. Both of these plots of ground are considered too sacred for the plow; so the inner one bears only grass, while the outer one is a splendid park of large, fine, and very old pine trees. In the center of the inner inclosure is a hole in the ground about ten feet deep by twenty across. In the bottom of this hole are three smaller holes around the sides.

In front of this strange hole is a square platform of cut rock; and resting on this is a huge granite slab declaring, in Chinese characters, that from these three holes issued the first parents of the human race. The people, believing this, take their little island to be the first of nations, and the mother of the whole world.

We were thirty-six hours going back to Fusan, where we caught the same train that you came in on yesterday. It was the Fourth of July; and when we reached home, at one o'clock, a good dinner was waiting for us. You can't really think how delightful it seemed to be at home again, and how good the food tasted.

A Look in at the Soonan Mission

A Bit of History—Up on Top—A Busy School—At the Hospital—Conference Headquarters

SINCE we have had our lunch, and inasmuch as it will still be some time before we reach Seoul, I will tell you a little of our work in Northern Korea. You remember that our work in this peninsula started in the northwest part of Korea. Here our first school work was opened in what has since grown to be our Korean Training School. Here, too, our first medical work began in what has since grown to be the Soonan Hospital-Dispensary. To-day this part of the mission, covering the three northwest provinces, has developed into the West Chosen Conference, with headquarters at Soonan.

To keep this work going and in the best of shape, a number of buildings have been erected. We now have at this station three two-story brick dwellings; one two-story brick school building large enough for over a hundred students besides the primary grades; the new two-story hospital-dispensary building, with its general ward, private wards, operating room, dispensary room, ocular parlor, treatment rooms, and so forth. There is also a large brick building which was formerly used as a girls' dormitory, but which is now

used partly as a dwelling, and partly as a food factory in connection with the industrial department of the school. Besides, there are the boys' dormitories, the native houses, the barns, and other buildings.

You can see that there are many workers and much work at Soonan. It is indeed a very busy place; and if you were to go up there, you would understand this even more.

If you should stay on this train instead of getting off at Seoul, you would arrive in Soonan at about five o'clock to-morrow morning. If, when you were within a few miles of the railroad station, you were to look ahead on the right side some half mile from the track, you would see the mission station right on the top of a hill and several hundred feet above the valley. Up there it is free and airy; just the thing for the sluggish Korean summers, but a little breezy for the blustery winters. Still those who live there would not want to make a change.

VISITING THE SCHOOL

In going up to the mission, which is about a mile from the railroad station, you would pass part of the school farm. There is an acre or two of strawberries, which would please you. Our school is an industrial one, you see, and we have some forty acres of farm land. Part is in bearing orchards, mulberry

trees, and grapes, there is some young orchard, and the rest is used for general farming.

After going a little distance farther, you would see on the right the little thatched-roof

Our Primary School at Soonan

native house where Doctor Russell began his medical work in Korea, and where he treated thousands of patients while he was waiting for the money to be raised in America for a better building. Just across the side road from here, you would see the new dispensary-hospital building, which was just erected, and for which the doctor waited so long. Across

the road from the hospital is the girls' dormitory.

Standing in front of the hospital building, you could look up the road about a hundred yards and see the training school; and still another hundred yards would bring you to three dwelling houses for the workers.

If you went down to chapel exercises at the school in the morning, you would meet about one hundred and twenty-five students gathered for worship, and this does not count the primary department. You would find the students sitting on the floor, row upon row, on round straw mats. All these young men are in the high school grades. They are bright looking boys, with no long hair hanging down their backs in dirty, greasy braids, such as you see on these heathen all about us. Their clothes are neat and clean, and they sit up straight and have some life in them.

A good many of our young ministers and departmental workers, besides our church school teachers, came through this school. And there are many boys in the school now who are definitely planning and fitting themselves for the Lord's work. It is on these students that we are depending quite largely for the supply of workers that are to carry the gospel message to the thousands of valleys and the millions of people of Korea; and they are not going to disappoint us.

After chapel, you might go down to the hospital for a while. The doctor and his wife spend most of their time at the hospital, even though they have two native assistant doctors and a nurse or two.

At the Hospital

In the front hall of the building, you would no doubt see many natives waiting for medical aid of some kind. To one side, you would see a pass window leading through into the room where medicines are kept, and where all callers make their wants known. If it is just medicine that they want, they obtain it and go; while if they require examination or treatment, they are furnished with tickets, and await their turn to pass through into the dispensary treatment room. After coming in, they are looked over by the attending physician; and usually, because they are so dirty, they are sent into the bathroom, where they are thoroughly cleaned up. Then they are ready for examination or treatment. Those who require special treatment are passed on up to the second floor, where the general and private wards are situated.

In this building and in similar ones throughout the Far East, our medical missionaries meet with the most awful diseases known to humanity. Here, where vice has run unchecked for ages, bitter indeed is the harvest that is reaped by the generation of to-day. There is

a young man in the hospital at Soonan who is paying the extreme price for the sins of his parents or grandparents. He went through our school there, became an efficient secretary, and connected with our press at Seoul as proof reader. Now he lies there with eyesight gone, while in agony he waits the call of death, which is rapidly approaching. Only a few more days and he will have passed away.

If you want to know the most pitiful side of the East, just go into one of its mission hospitals for a few days, and there you will behold it, bare, bold, and unvarnished, repulsive in the extreme.

After having been through the hospital and having seen the dark side of the picture, you could walk up to visit the conference office. Here you would find the tract society and conference headquarters, with its various departments. Then after having seen everything there, and having been told of the work that is represented there, you would surely take heart, and praise the God of heaven, who has accomplished all this; for this bright side of the picture would almost eclipse the dark side that you saw at the hospital.

Some Strange Customs

Men Who Are Boys—"Hair Done Up"—White and Black Hats—The Go-Between—Hammering the Clothes—Two Years Old Two Days After Birth—Sticking a "Chim" In—Centipede Medicine—The Native Religions—New Church Every Day

IT is growing dark, still we have several hours to spend on the train. During this time, I am going to tell you something of the strange Korean customs. Some you may have already noticed.

You have seen that most of the men wear the topknot, while most of the boys wear long hair hanging down their backs in one or two braids. But you have also seen some men with long hair the same as the boys, and you have likewise seen some of the larger boys with their hair done up in topknots. I will explain.

A boy is supposed to wear his hair down his back until his wedding day. Then the center of the head is shaved, and the hair left around the outside is drawn up over this and formed into the topknot. In this way a man is a boy until he is married. A man may be fifty; but if his hair is down, he is still a boy, and treated as one. On the other hand, a boy of twelve, if his hair is up, is a man, and is treated with all the respect due a man.

I remember being at one of our country churches one day when a lad of about twelve came in and sat down; whereupon Brother Smith inquired of one of the brethren whose boy he was. The brother answered, "That is

The Mourning Hat

not a boy; that is a man." I looked again, and saw that he wore a topknot.

The girls, like the boys, have their hair done up on their wedding day; but until then, it hangs down their backs in a single braid. However, the girls' heads are not shaved on top, but the hair is done up with a hairpin on the back of the head, the front being combed back perfectly tight after being oiled.

Oftentimes, when we would say a certain girl has been married, the natives will say, "She has had her hair done up."

The most of the Koreans wear the little horsehair hats; but you have occasionally seen one with a large, drooping straw hat with brim coming well down over the shoulders. Most of the horsehair hats are black, while you have seen a few that were white. There is a deep meaning to these hats. This is the way: If a man loses either parent through death, he is supposed to wear one of these wide-brimmed hats for a year; and the second year, he wears a white horsehair hat.

He wears the large hat because he feels that for some reason he has offended the gods and they have killed the parent. He feels so greatly ashamed of himself that he refuses to allow his neighbors to gaze upon his face. Sometimes he carries a piece of cloth attached to a stick, as we carry a flag, except that he has another stick on the opposite side of the cloth. When meeting another person, he takes a stick in each hand, and holds the flag over his face.

Most of these people with mourning hats on wear also suits made of a different kind of cloth from the usual muslin. It is about the color of dead grass, and is in fact woven from some kind of grass. It is similar to the sackcloth of Bible times.

THE GO-BETWEEN

Another strange custom of Korea, as in most of the East, is the use of the go-between. Everything that you would say to another that in any way might be distasteful to that one must be said through a go-between. When we first came to this country, we were likely to forget this custom and tell a man to his face whatever we had to say; but we learned that the go-between is a great help here — almost a necessary evil, we would say.

In engagements and marriages, the young people have nothing to do, nor can they do anything; for the parents themselves, or through a go-between, arrange everything in a satisfactory manner as far as they themselves are concerned.

There is a curse, though, that comes from this go-between system, and that is the plurality of wives — a number of wives. Many thousands of men, after they come to middle age, pick out a woman of their choice; but she becomes the second wife or concubine.

THE POOR WOMEN OF KOREA

Here, when a young man is married, he does not found a home of his own, as in America and other civilized countries, but his wife comes into his father's home, to become a servant as long as the mother-in-law lives. Her life is usually one of toil and hardship,

with very few bright days. Her only satisfaction is to look forward to the time when she herself as a mother-in-law will have the privilege of lording it over another girl.

The lot of women in Korea is one of toil and sorrow, hedged in by superstition and fear, with no education to begin life with, and no praise or sympathy while it is in progress, and little regret when it is ended. Cooking and sewing are both real jobs. Consider that generally, in preparing a meal, a woman has to take the rice in the hulls, put it in a hole in the end of a large block, and then beat it with a heavy club nearly as large as a fence post. She raises this club high up, and brings it down with all her might into the rice, continuing the process until the hulls are all pounded off. Then she takes the rice out and blows away the chaff. All their clothes have to be made by hand, and that is a slow task.

The mode of washing here is not easy. The clothes are taken to some running stream, where they are dipped into the water, then taken out one at a time and placed on a large, flat rock, where they are hammered with clubs until the water is all hammered out. Then they are redipped and hammered again and again, until they are fairly clean. Next they are taken to the house, and placed in strong lye water in the cooking kettle and boiled. After this, they are again taken to the creek,

to be put through the hammering process once more.

Sometimes the women place the clothes in baskets on their heads and carry them for miles in order to find a suitable washing place. At most of these laundry spots, you will see a dozen or so women busy at their work.

The Korean Women's Method of Laundering

Then you should see how the clothes are ironed! They are folded up and placed on a large, flat block or a flat rock, and hammered with round clubs until the wrinkles are all hammered out, the ironer holding a club in each hand.

Another thing that makes much work for the women is the winter clothes. These are made with cotton padding. When they are

washed, they have to be ripped up, and re-sewed after laundering.

THE QUEER WAY OF COUNTING AGES

Aside from all this and many other duties around the house, the women are compelled to go out to the fields and spend long hours at weeding, hoeing, and in other farm work. American girls and women who have seen the misery and work of the women of the Far East, have been very thankful that they were born in a more favored land.

Another queer custom of Korea is their way of reckoning ages. A child is a year old at birth, and another year is added to his age on the first New Year, thus making a child born the day before New Year's day two years old two days after birth.

In asking ages, they usually say, "How many New Year's cakes have you eaten?" This way of reckoning ages bothers foreigners for a long time. Thus when any of the Koreans ask us the age of a boy or a girl, and we tell them, without thinking, according to our way of saying it, they naturally think the child very large for its age.

Korea is also a land of spirits. The people, in imagination, see spirits all around them, mostly evil ones, too. Every calamity, every adversity, and every mishap, whatever its nature, is the work of these spirits, so they

think. If a person is sick, or has a pain in any part of the body, there must be an evil spirit within which needs to be driven out in order to make the patient well. And such strange ways they have to do this! The most common one is to stick a *chim* (an instrument like a large darning needle) into the place where the pain is. These *chims* are none too clean, so there is very often an infection; and thousands of people lose their lives as a result of using dirty *chims*.

A much used way of driving the evil spirit out of a small child is to put a piece of something that looks like wax, about the size of a thimble, on the child's head and set it on fire. It burns slowly, and makes a hole in the little one's head. You meet thousands of grown-ups with a deep scar on the head where no hair grows.

MEDICINES OF STRANGE CONCOCTIONS

The physicians of Korea's old school are quacks beside whom the patent medicine men of America stand as professionals by contrast. They make medicine of the most unthought of things. A bear's gall is prized highly for medicine, and brings more in a sale than the hide and the flesh together. Centipedes are sought far and wide, to be ground up into medicine. Deer's horns, when soft, as they are in early summer, bring fabulous prices.

Besides these, almost every imaginable root is used, and some other unmentionable things.

The Japanese government is trying to do away with the quack doctors. They have established medical schools and have encouraged scientific medical education and practice; but it is as hard to wean these people from their false ideas and practices of ages as it is to turn them from their false gods.

The first language teacher that we had after coming to Korea was afflicted with a running sore on one of his feet. It had been in that way for over a year. He was using various kinds of native *yak* (medicine) concocted from such things as I have mentioned, or worse. We told the man to leave his *yak* entirely alone and we would soak his foot in hot water every day, using boracic acid powder afterwards. He consented to this; but a number of times, he came in in the morning with native *yak* pasted all over the sore, until we became almost discouraged in trying to do anything for him. Finally, however, we kept the native medicine off long enough for the foot to heal over; but the fight was a long, stubborn one.

RELIGIONS OF KOREA

Let me tell you something of the religions of Korea. Confucianism and Buddhism were early introduced into this country. When

visiting the Diamond Mountains, I saw a Buddhist monastery that was over a thousand years old; but even this does not go back to the beginning of Buddhism here. Both of these religions have made a lasting impression upon the people of the land. Because of

A Buddhist monastery over a thousand years old.

these religions, ancestor worship — that is, worship of parents and grandparents — is common. On certain days during the year, sacrifices are offered to the spirits of parents and grandparents. This is done at their graves.

The worship of ancestors has led to the keeping of a very strict chronological record, and this means that each individual knows his parentage for generations back. Once when

visiting a country church, I asked the elder if his people had resided in that district very long; whereupon he answered in all seriousness, "No, not long; only fourteen generations."

About the close of the nineteenth century, when the country had degenerated about as far as a nation can, the people began to lose confidence in their gods and their religions. It was at this opportune time that God planned the preaching of the gospel in Korea, with the result that thousands believed in Jesus.

In 1884, the first Protestant church began active missionary work in this country. By the year 1898, five great Protestant denominations were here, being supported by the home churches of America, England, and Australia. The first twenty years of missionary endeavor saw twenty thousand native Christians in Korea; while a convert every hour, and a new church every day, has been the record here for the past thirty years. This is a wonderful growth when you remember that a few short decades ago this was the "Hermit Kingdom," and that foreigners were called devils and killed almost on sight. In no other country of the Orient has Christianity made the growth that it has made right here.

Although we as a denomination were rather late in the field, still we have made progress.

We now have in this land a union mission, consisting of a local conference and two organized mission fields, besides the work that the union is doing for the Korean settlers in Manchuria. There we have an ordained and a licensed minister and nearly a hundred believers. All told, we have in the union something over two thousand Sabbath-school members and over a thousand baptized believers.

Now we shall soon be at Seoul; so I will stop my story, and we will make ready to get off, because we must rush if we would catch the last car that runs out toward the mission station.

At the Union Conference Office

Modern Seoul — Sam Kak San — The Publishing Plant — Reading Backwards

WE made a quick get-away from that train, didn't we? And here we are on the street car going toward home. We are passing old South Gate now. Here the old city wall has been torn away, and only the gate remains. They have both served their day; and while they were an effectual barricade in the olden times, they would be valueless in this day of modern war equipment. The gate is left as a monument to an age that has forever passed away. The street cars used to run through the gate when the system was first installed; but now they go around it, as you see.

What you see of Seoul along this street is quite modern and new. Of course, there are a few tumble-down native shacks to give variety to the scene, else you might forget that you are really in Korea. This large stone building on the left is the Chosen Bank, and one of the best buildings in the whole Orient. Just across the corner there is the post-office building, another substantial structure and a credit to the Japanese government.

Although you can not see far to-night, you will learn later that Seoul is a city fenced in

almost entirely with mountains. It has been the capital of Korea for some five hundred years. It was a typical Oriental city, with a massive wall about it, narrow, crooked streets within, mostly one-story buildings with thatched roofs, and no water system. Here, also, were the stately palaces of its monarchs, several of which still stand, shut away from common eyes by high, massive stone walls.

Civilization had made some changes in the city even before the Japanese came, but it took a faster pace afterwards. Straight, broad streets have been cut across the city; a creditable water system has been installed; modern brick and concrete buildings have been erected; an electric light system has been established that reaches into the outlying suburbs; while paved streets take the place of the narrow, crooked, muddy ones of a few decades ago. Still there are many places within the city where little change has been made. Between the broad new streets, the narrow, crooked alleys are there as of old.

BACK IN THE MOUNTAINS

To the north of the city, and also to the south, are mountain fortresses, where large sections are inclosed by stone walls, with palaces and houses built within them for the king, his court, and his army, should they be compelled to retreat in time of invasion. The

south fort was used at the time of the Manchurian invasion; but, as far as I know, Pook-Han, or the north fortress, was never used as a retreat by the sovereign.

Pook-Han is about seven miles north of Seoul, and occupies a sort of basin near the top of the highest mountains in this section of the peninsula. It furnishes a fine day's outing for those who take pleasure in mountain climbing. Some of us here at the compound have made two different trips to the place. There are three rocky summits up there called Sam Kak San (Three-Horned Mountain), the climbing of which furnishes excitement enough for almost anybody. In fact, it is said that one of them has never been scaled. We climbed the others on our two excursion trips.

Here we are at East Gate, where we must change cars. I thought we might get here too late to catch the last car out, but we are in time. It is about three miles from here to the mission homes.

While we are riding out, I will tell you something of our mission station. This is the headquarters of the Chosen Union Conference, and our publishing house also is located here. It is the largest station that we have in Korea. At the present time, there are five dwelling houses; but another, or perhaps two, will have to be built before the

station will be able to take care of the families that will be needed in connection with the work here. So far, two families have been living in some of the houses.

The publishing house was large enough to furnish offices for all and a chapel for worship; but with our growing work, it has become too small, and plans have been laid looking forward to an enlargement.

Well, here we are at the end of the car line; so we shall have to get off, turn our hand bags over to a coolie, and walk on out to the station, which is almost a mile from here.

LOOKING AROUND THE OFFICES

Now that we have had worship, and eaten our breakfast, suppose we go over and see how things are going at the publishing plant. You will see that we do many things quite differently here from the way they are done in the States, some because of necessity, some because of custom, and some apparently for no reason at all.

Here we are in the entrance to the building. This door to the left leads into our church school room, where Miss Hibben is teaching our own children. You would feel at home in there, I know, and would be able to forget that you are in Korea, except when the funeral trains go by outside with their heart-rending, mournful cries. The door on the right under

the stairway, leads to the press secretary's office and the stockroom. The second door opens into the conference treasurer's office. The hall leads out into the pressroom. We will go out there first.

Here are the type racks, with their thousands of Chinese characters, besides the hundreds of native Korean characters. There are no linotype machines here; nor has any sort of machine yet been invented to set this type, because of the large number of characters. They all have to be picked out of the racks by hand and placed in a small box holding a few hundred of them; then they are turned over to another man, who arranges them, with proper spacing, into lines of the required length.

An impression is then taken of them on that little proof press there that looks like the one Franklin used; and this is sent up to my room for proof reading. I mark all the wrong characters, then return it for correction. This process has to be repeated the second time. Next the type is made up in pages, corresponding to a magazine. After this, it is made ready for printing.

Learning the Way They Talk

Over there is our new press on which the magazine is printed. We have been waiting for a long time for this press, while we have

been trying to turn out creditable reading matter on that little rattletrap of a Japanese press. The new press is going to give us a better and neater paper; and, of course, that will help in building up our circulation.

Now we'll go upstairs to the other offices. The first one here on the right is the union Sabbath-school department's office. The second one is the office of the field secretary and his native secretary. The first door on the left leads into the Chosen Union Conference president's office. The next one opens into the Central Mission superintendent's office; and the hall leads on into the large editorial room. Here the translator, copy writers, and proof readers work. My office opens off there at the side. I have also the head writer on the magazine in my office.

Here on my desk is the last month's magazine. The back is the front, you see; and in reading it, we start at the back and read forward. But instead of reading across the page, we begin at the top and read down. In this language, every sentence is turned around from the way we put it; for they always put the verb as the very last word in the sentence. Thus instead of saying, "That is a white house," they say, "That house white is." Where we would ask, "Have you eaten your breakfast?" they ask, "You breakfast eaten have?"

It seems sometimes that everything we meet here is turned squarely around. It takes years to get the Korean viewpoint, and then it is hard to remember.

Our publishing work in Korea has shown a steady increase from year to year, until now we are printing a sixty-eight page monthly magazine, "The Signs of the Times," a sixteen page monthly church paper, "The Church Compass," and are translating and printing two Sabbath-school quarterlies each quarter, one for the children and women, and one for the men. We have also a series of tracts covering our message. We have printed an abridgment of "Patriarchs and Prophets," and several of our smaller books; and we are translating "Gospel Workers" at present. We expect to bring out others of our truth-filled books just as soon as copy can be prepared and the money raised for the printing. We are making every effort to scatter these printed pages like the leaves of autumn, as we have been told by God's servant.

Tombs and Watchers

The Village Street — "Cull Pang" — Visiting the Royal Tombs — The Stone Guardians — The Subterranean Passage — The Watchers

DINNER being over, let's get all the children of the compound together and go for a little walk. You have seen how the wooded hills come right down to our compound, and that these are the only hills of the neighborhood that are covered with large trees. The reason for this is that these hills are what are known as the Royal Tombs. There are several places near here where royalty lies buried. These grounds thus belong to the state and are held sacred by the people. We will go to one of these tombs this afternoon, so that you can see how they are arranged.

We must first pass through this village that borders here on our publishing house lot. Most of these places along the road are public eating houses — "short-order houses" I suppose we would call them in America. As they are thus situated on one of the main roads leading into Seoul, thousands of people pass every day, and many of them stop here and eat their meals. You see them sitting there on the earth floor in front of the little benches on which are their bowls of rice and other food. They are eating, of course, with chop-

sticks. The flies are thick on the food, but the people don't seem to care.

Dozens of small children play here in the street, many without any clothing, and some with only little jackets on. Very seldom is there one in a full suit.

Here is what we call a *Cull Pang* in Korea, or a place where boys study Chinese characters. You see the little fellows are sitting on the earth floor, with their Chinese character books in front of them; and they repeat the words and letters aloud. They vie with each other to see which can shout loudest. They sit here all day long shouting. In the government schools, the quiet system of study that you are acquainted with at home is used. We follow the quiet system in our church schools here in Korea, too.

Aside from these eating houses, you see a few native shops where rice, beans, a little cloth, coal oil, and other such things are sold. There are also a few blacksmith shops where farming tools are made and bullocks and horses are shod. Off the main street are a few score houses where the farming people of the district live. We have here a typical Korean village, except that it has more shops than such a village usually has.

THE TOMB MOUNDS

If you look to the head of this valley, you will see the tomb to which we are going. It

is on that elevation of some fifty feet or more. Now, having crossed the little valley with its rice fields, we come to another village. One of our workers lives in that house with the little screened-in porch. Some of our people have learned that flies bring dysentery, a disease that is plentiful in Korea all through the summer months; and they know, too, that mosquitoes cause malaria, and there is plenty of that, too. So they try to keep these pests out of their houses.

Here we are at the tombs, after a walk of about three fourths of a mile. You see the location is good, and commands a splendid view of the little valley. We sometimes bring our lunch over here on Sabbath and eat it on the grass. The tomb is marked by a well-sodded mound of earth some ten feet high by perhaps twenty across. A stone and brick wall reaches around the back and the sides, while the front is left open. The space between the tomb and the wall is some twenty feet wide; and in this space, facing away from the tomb, are about twenty stone images of lions and rams set alternately.

In front of the tomb, standing on massive stone legs, is the sacrificial table, which is merely a slab of granite about six by ten feet square, polished smoothly. On either side of this wide passageway leading up to the tomb are a stone horse and a warrior, a stone horse

and a priest. The horses are of ordinary size, but the men are twelve feet high. These images are the guardians of the tomb.

Beginning under this sacrificial table is a subterranean channel leading back to the burial chamber, which is a good sized room

These images are the guardians of the Royal Tombs.

where most of the king's personal possessions are buried along with the body. It was the custom in Korea anciently to entomb many of the king's wives and servants alive with his body, so they would accompany the monarch to the spirit world.

This tomb is one of the oldest around here, and dates back some five hundred years. In construction, they are nearly all alike, except

that they vary in size, and some do not have as many stone images around them as others.

Just down over the hill there, you observe a little cluster of houses, most of which have tiled roofs. That is where the watchers of the tomb live, a company of them being engaged by the state. Every tomb of royalty in the country is thus provided for. There is also a Buddhist temple situated there, where priests conduct daily services.

LOOKING AT THE TEMPLE

After you are through looking at the tomb, we will go down and see the temple. Here we are, just in time to see the priests go through their sacrificial and prayer ceremony. Looking through the door there, you see a bronze Buddha sitting upon a sort of desk. Here to the left, on this table, are all kinds of ready prepared food, which is left here as an offering until the service is done, when it is taken away and eaten by the priests. You see the priests are on their knees before the Buddha, chanting their prayers. Every few moments, they bow themselves until their faces almost touch the floor. They will keep this up for an hour or longer.

A half mile from our houses, on the west, is another temple, which is occupied by priestesses. They are women who in childhood and youth dedicated their lives to this purpose.

They wear their hair cut short to the head, men's clothes, and never marry. Every day, they go through services similar to this. The gong that you heard ringing this morning was over there. This beating of the gong in the early hours often disturbs people when they first come; but we get used to it, and hardly realize that it is going on.

Often people who wish the blessing of the Buddha bring an offering of costly food here to be presented to it. This is afterwards eaten by the priests. Sometimes women who desire a blessing will come here and dance for hours before the image.

There are literally thousands of these places all over Korea, where tens of thousands of people are bowing down to false gods. The work of telling these people of their error, and pointing them to the true God, in whom there is salvation, is our appointed task here in Korea and throughout the Far East. The more you travel over the country and are made sensible of the wretched condition of the people, the more you realize their need of the very thing that God has put in our hands for them — the everlasting gospel.

The Sad Funeral Trains

The Shouts of the Mourners — Backwards and Forwards — Half Drunk — Royal Funeral Two Miles Long — Western Advance

Do you hear those mournful cries coming from somewhere beyond our compound? That is a funeral train on its way from Seoul; so if we hurry back to the mission, you can get your first sight of a Korean funeral.

We are just in time, for here they come. The corpse is under that silken canopy. Sometimes the corpse is in a crude wooden coffin and sometimes it is only wrapped in matting; but you can not know which unless you go to the place of burial or to the house where it is placed upon the carrier. It is borne upon the shoulders of some twenty coolies; but sometimes there are a great many more, and sometimes less. The number of carriers is an index to the standing and wealth of the deceased.

There is a man with a small hand bell dancing along ahead of the bier, sometimes facing it, and sometimes facing forward. As he rings the bell, he sends forth a volley of mournful questions, whereupon the carriers shout back with all their might, in such mournful notes as almost to curdle the blood in one's veins.

The mourning shouts are hurled back and forth until the grave is reached. Because of this shouting, the whole neighborhood for miles around know that one more unfortunate is being carried to the place from which none return.

Behind the bier, clothed in sackcloth, and with crude wooden staffs in their hands, with heads bowed, and with groans of apparently great anguish, walk the mourners, men and boys. (No women are allowed to accompany the procession.) The others following in rickshas and on foot are friends or relatives of the departed.

Now the procession stops, and the carriers weave from side to side, and drop backward a few paces. They seem to be making an effort to go ahead, but still they go back. They do this at intervals along the road. Sometimes, too, they stop and offer sacrifices to the supposed spirit of the departed. They do all this to fool this spirit into thinking that their love for the dead is so great that they are even loath to carry his body to the tomb. They fear lest his spirit become angry and bring a curse upon them.

I went to see a funeral start one day. It was ten o'clock in the morning. The men were adjusting the canopy of the bier. Silk cloth of all the colors of the rainbow was spread over a wooden framework. Tassels hung from

beneath and along the side, while the heads of dragons protruded from the corners.

THE CARRIERS HALF DRUNK

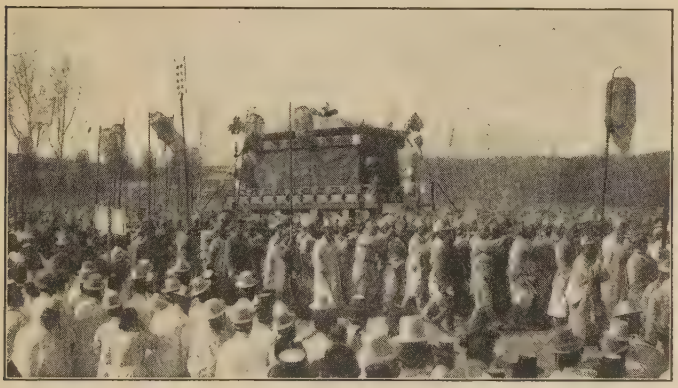
Presently a great earthen vessel of liquor was brought, and those who were to carry the bier dipped in their gourd-shell dippers and poured the liquor down their throats like water. When they had thus nerved themselves for the ordeal, the crude coffin with the body within was carried out and placed on the carrying frame, and the silken canopy was placed over it. Then the carriers raised it to their shoulders, and they were off in such a procession as you see here. These carriers, too, are half drunk; look how they walk.

What a contrast the whole dismal picture is to one where the mourners mourn not without hope! What wretchedness is here, what hopelessness! With mourning they are borne along, and hopeless they are placed in the grave. How well the devil has succeeded in these heathen lands, in his warfare against God and His plan of redemption, can be better grasped by watching a funeral train than perhaps in any other way.

Now that we are back home, I want to tell you of a royal funeral we saw a few years ago. It was the funeral of the first king that Korea had buried for well over half a century, and it was made a grand affair. Nearly half

a million dollars was expended in the funeral, with the interment and the arrangement of the tomb. Thousands of natives from all over the peninsula gathered here at Seoul to witness the ceremonies.

The funeral car was a mammoth affair, with a priest riding on it at either end. It



The funeral car was a mammoth affair, with a priest riding on it at either end.

was carried on the backs of some five hundred coolies to the place of interment, about twenty miles distant. This took two days. They stopped for hours at certain places along the way to offer sacrifice and do honor to the dead.

The funeral procession was over two miles long, consisting of soldiers, sedan chairs, great wooden horses, hundreds of men carrying

banners and lanterns, with hundreds of mourners in rickshas, carriages, and automobiles. The sedan chairs, of which there were many, were each carried by some twenty coolies. These held the personal effects of the departed monarch, and were to be buried with his body.

The first part of the processional march was within the city, and was a Japanese state funeral; but after they passed without the gate of Seoul, it was considered a private affair, and was conducted by the household of the king, in accordance with ancient Korean customs and ceremonies.

GREAT CHANGES

As the grand procession moved through the city streets and then out upon the country highways, the tens of thousands of Koreans set up an awful weeping and wailing as the bier was carried past. Many of them bowed themselves to the earth; for, good or bad, he had been their king for nearly a half century, and they wished to do him honor as they carried him to the grave.

The procession went by this same road, right in front of our compound. Some of us went up to my office, where we had a clear view. As I watched it, I thought of the great changes that had taken place in this land since as a mere boy in 1864 the king was

called to the Korean throne. During his reign, nation after nation had knocked at the doors of Korea, and had attempted to open the land to outside influence and commerce,

The funeral procession was over two miles long.

only to be turned away, and often with gunfire.

It was after the warships of the United States had been fired upon, and they in turn had demolished the little fortress at the mouth of the Han River, that the notable tablet was raised in Seoul which read: "The Western barbarians have attacked and injured us, with a view either to make war upon us, or to force treaties upon us. If we consent to the latter, it will be the betrayal of our country. Let our descendants to the ten thousandth

generation bear this in mind." In various other places, hostile tablets were likewise raised up, warning the populace against the "Western barbarians," as they called all the Westerners.

But tablets and threats, or even guns, could not long roll back the mighty tide of civilization that was pressing upon the doors of Korea. This same monarch, now dead, had been a factor in all this hostility. He lived to see his country invaded and uplifted by the very forces that he had tried so hard to resist. Probably never before in the history of the world has a monarch seen his realm pass through so many sweeping changes as this king saw Korea pass through during his lifetime.

Surely God, who is preparing all nations for the speedy proclamation of the gospel message for this time, has had a hand in the opening of Korea. And more, He who has accomplished all this is able to carry that message to this nation, and to all nations, by influencing His people here and at home to consecrate their lives and their means to the finishing of this great work.

At the Church Service

Going to Church and Sabbath-School — Girls Not Wanted — The Missionary Meeting — The Same Story — Hope Ahead

WELL, children, as you know, to-morrow is Sabbath, while to-night we have our missionary meeting in the chapel over the pressroom of the printing plant. Of course, you will want to go to-night and get your first experience in attending a Korean meeting. So I suppose I might tell you a little of what you may expect to see there. It will help you to understand things, and will give you a deeper interest.

When the people come in to-night, you will see that the men and boys all file over to their side of the chapel and sit down upon the floor, while the women and girls will go to the other side and sit down on the little round woven straw mats. You will also see that each, upon being seated, bows his head in silent prayer for a few moments.

Even we foreigners observe the rules of the country when it comes to taking sides in the chapel, but we do not always follow the custom of sitting on the floor. We try to have a few chairs on hand to sit on.

After all are thus seated, and the hour for the services arrives, the leader and the secre-

tary will go forward, and the meeting will be opened by the singing of one of the same songs that we use for worship in America. The words, to be sure, will be in the Korean tongue, and you will not understand them; but you can understand the tune, and get the spirit of it all.

As the meeting progresses, you will observe very little difference in the general plan of the meeting from that at home, except that, as with the singing, you will understand nothing that is said unless some one is beside you to interpret.

The Koreans feel their responsibilities as missionaries, with the result that nearly as many attend this meeting as any other church service. They have done very well in the distribution of tracts, and the big canvassing week idea for the common people is gaining ground rapidly.

If you were to go out and visit almost any of our country churches, you would find the majority of the members regular home missionaries, doing creditable work indeed compared with their knowledge and abilities. They sense the importance of making known to others what God has graciously made known to them.

Our Sabbath-school will be held at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. At the Sabbath-school, you will see between thirty and forty

boys, besides the regular church members. Most of these boys are the children of heathen families, but are attending our native church school here. We believe that many among them will be led to the Saviour as a result of having thus come into contact with the Bible. We have a good many young men in Korea holding responsible positions who were won to Christ thus, or while acting as servants in some of the foreigners' homes.

Most of these boys who attend the Sabbath-school learn perfectly the memory verses, and also secure perfect attendance cards. Some of them are rather dirty and unkempt; but there are also wide-awake ones among them, who are as quick to catch a point as you children are.

Girls Not Wanted

You will find only a few girls at the Sabbath-school, and these the children of our church members. You know that as a general rule, little girls are not thought much of in Korea,— nor big ones either, as far as that is concerned. A little girl can carry a younger child on her back; and when she grows up, she can become somebody's servant through a marriage ceremony. Beyond this, girls seem to have no value from the Korean standpoint.

The Koreans don't believe in teaching the girls to read; for the nearer they can keep

them like animals, the more physical labor they can get out of them, and this seems to be the desired end for Korean women. About the only time they have any privileges is after they have sons old enough to marry; and by that time, they have become so hardened by the terrible battle of life that they are too hard-hearted to bear the trust rightly.

You will find the wives of our church members present at the Sabbath-school, and you will find that most of them can read a little; for as soon as they become Christians, we do all we can to see that in some way they are taught to read the native characters, so that they can read the word of God for themselves.

The women are not held down because they are mentally deficient, for they are usually bright and quick to learn. Since the Japanese have taken over the country, the same school privileges are offered to the girls as to the boys; yet few of the parents, aside from those in the cities, accept the aid thus held out to the girls. But all missions, of whatsoever denomination, advocate and strive to advance the same standard for both sexes. Thus Korea is slowly changing under the various influences, and the women of Korea have something better to look forward to.

You will observe that the Sabbath-school, like the missionary meeting, is conducted the same as at home. We have the lesson

review and class recitation periods as you have them there. A good many of the people follow the daily lesson study program, with the result that the class periods are times of intense interest to all. And the Sabbath-school lessons that are such an important fac-

The Women of Korea

tor at home in building the people up in the truth, are equally effective here.

THE GOSPEL STORY DOES THE WORK

We have to charge the same price for the lesson quarterlies here that we charge in America, which, when compared with the money values of the country, where a laborer only gets fifty cents a day, is rather high; still the native Christians almost without exception buy and use the quarterly.

After Sabbath-school, we have a church service at which time the same precious truth is taught from the same all-powerful word of God that you have learned to love and obey. All this will be in a tongue strange to you. Yet, it isn't so much the language through which the message is given, but rather the effect that that message has upon those who accept it, that counts.

Here, while the gospel story is told in a strange language, you will see that it produces the same good fruit as in America. It brings love, joy, peace, and all the other Christian graces. It is thus preparing a people in this far-away land who will be among the number of whom it shall presently be said, "Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus."

Now, children, I have finished my little talk; for I am sure that from to-night, you will be initiated into the fellowship of the Korean church, where you will go on learning more of this people than I could ever tell you.

I hope that the little I have said will give you a desire to know more about this people, and will act as a kind of foundation for future study, whether through books or otherwise. The more you learn of those beyond, the more ready will be your sympathy for them, and

the stronger will be the tie that will bind you to them; for they are all the children of God, some gone astray, to be sure, but still His children, whatsoever their color, or race, or nationality.

"Another good book finished! Oh, what can I read next?" did we hear you say? Well, let us think a minute. We have so many good books, we want to suggest them all. But here is a selected list for boys and girls who enjoy true stories of animals and birds, and of boys and girls in far-away lands —yes, and of the common things about us as told by "Uncle Ben."

At Home with the Hakkas in South China	$ .25*
Elo the Eagle and Other Stories	1.50
Gospel Primer No. 2	1.00
House We Live In	1.50
Hurue, a Boy of the South Seas	.25*
In Beaverdom and Other Nature Stories	.25*
Little Bible Boys	.75*
Mañana Land (Mexico)	.75
On Our Block	.75
Selections for Our Little Folks	1.00
Strange Peoples and Customs	1.25
Uncle Ben's Cloverfield	1.75
Uncle Ben's Cobblestones	1.75
Up and Down the Andes on a Burro	.25*
With the Wild Men of Borneo	1.25

*Paper covers; all others are cloth.

Prices are postpaid. Higher in Canada.

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